

Whispers Pt. 2

We walked into a giant house where a lot of the kids from school were already sitting. They looked up and nodded to the girls I was with. They gave me a welcoming smile. I smiled back. I somehow felt very at home in this place. I had a sense of belonging that I had never felt in any of the places I'd lived before.

The girls led me to the kitchen. A woman was standing in there cooking with her back to us. She turned and smiled the second we entered the room. She gave Chelsea a hug and kissed her cheek, "Hi, sweetie. How was your rst day? And who's this?" She pointed at me smiling. Chelsea spoke, "Hi, Mom. School was good. This is my lab partner and new student, Emmaline Richards. She's one of the transfers from Red Run." She smiled at me and put a bunch of little sandwiches on the table.

She told us cheerfully, "Here's an after school snack. Eat them up!" I smiled and timidly took a sandwich. I bit into it. I couldn't contain my moan. "This is the best sandwich I've ever tasted." Chelsea laughed, "My mom loves to cook. She does it for everyone here. Mr. Lyons can't get enough of her cooking." My heart uttered at his name again. I asked, "Who could blame him? This is fantastic."

We spent the rest of the time going over our plan for biology for the rest of the year. It was doable, but with my job it was going to be hard. I would make it work like I always did. Chelsea's mom came back in when we nished. I told her, "Thank you for the snacks! I've got to get going." She frowned, "All the buses are already back to your side of town by now. How are you going to get home?" I smiled at her, "I actually have a shift at Al's to get to." She asked, "You work at Al's? I knew I'd seen you somewhere around here before. Why would you work all the way over here?" I shrugged "He is the only one who'd give me a job when I moved here."

She looked at Chelsea who shrugged. She turned to me, "Well, come on then. I'll give you a ride." I smiled; thankful I wouldn't have to walk since my bike was still at Al's. I gratefully said, "Thank you, Mrs. Hanes. That's very kind of you." She smiled and ushered me outside to her car.

We both got in. Mrs. Hanes turned to me, "It's Gemma. None of that Mrs. Hanes business. You and my girls are going to be good friends. I just know it." She dropped me at Al's. She rolled down the window and asked, "How will you get home after your shift?" I smiled, evasively answering, "It's taken care of." She nodded slightly and drove off.

I looked at my watch. I had an hour before my shift started. I waved at Al as I ran in and grabbed my due and tent. I grabbed my bag and headed off behind the school. After about a mile of walking, I stopped and smiled. There was a little pond with lots of trees and a small clearing. It was the perfect new place to stay. I set up my tent, stowed my bag, stood back, and surveyed the area. It was hidden enough that it should work. I would have to be on alert for the werewolf patrols. They must go by the school. Red Run did, but I gured out their schedule.

I sat down. I couldn't help but be grateful Al helped me set up a bank account when I started working for him. Now, my paychecks were set up for direct deposit. It was nice not having to nd a spot to bury my money anymore. I was always worried someone would nd it and take it. Al's mom worked at the bank, so she let me set up an account with Al co-signing for me. I looked at the time and realized I needed to get moving. I changed into my uniform, jumped on my bike, and headed back to Al's.

I got there just as my shift started. I came out of the back, and groaned as Ralph and gang came in. They must be staying for the week. I took their order. I got slapped on the ass twice before I hit Ralph with the tray. I glared at him, "Back off there, buddy." Ralph laughed teasing, "You know you excite me when you get rough." Gross, freaking pervert. He was old enough to be my dad. Actually, he probably was David's age.

Fred came out from the kitchen. He pointed his spatula at Ralph, "Ralph, you know that you can't man handle the staff. I'll throw you out." Ralph smirked at him, "Oh, come on now, she likes it." Fred snorted, "It doesn't matter whether she does or doesn't; hands off the waitresses." Ralph growled but the rest of my shift passed without incident.

Afterwards, I tried to get back into the school to wash my hair, but it was locked. I groaned. Hopefully, since I didn't have to bike as far now, I could wash my hair before my shifts. It would just depend on if the school opened early enough.

The next two days passed pretty quickly. I was enjoying not waking up at two in the morning to get to work on time. Sadly, the school didn't open early enough for me to shower in the mornings. I ended up hiding out and waiting until everyone emptied out of the school or into their sports practices before I could shower. Some of the girls even kept hair dryers around so that was a treat for me.

Drake and his friends had been super nice to me. I had sat with them at lunch. I'd ended up tracking down Sam in the front oce and dragged her to Drake to introduced them. They'd both been sning the air like they could sense each other. The second I said her name, they practically devoured each other's lips. When they pulled apart, they both said mate under their breath. I pretended I didn't hear them. Everyone else was practically jumping up and down while they made out.

I'd gured out last year that Peter Kyle was Red Run's future Alpha. Drake was his best friend, so I assumed he would be Red Run's future Beta. Everyone's reaction pretty much conrmed that. They were thrilled about him nding his mate because he was their future Beta.

One of Drake's other best friends, Garrett, had been super nice to me as of late. He always talked to me during lunch. Drake was making sure no one ever bothered me. I wondered if he was just grateful, thinking I'd brought him his mate. He would've found her eventually without me. They'd clearly been smelling each other. I'd take the help he was offering though.

It wasn't really necessary, since everyone in school was really nice. I'd heard several mentions of Mr. Lyons. I'd found out his rst name was Lucas. I kept repeating the name to myself. His name was sexy. In my mind he was incredibly attractive. Obviously, he'd be taller than me, with dreamy eyes, and a sexy voice. I got distracted anytime anyone mentioned him. Hopefully, no one noticed. I was thinking Drake might have. I almost had a heart attack when Mr. Blaze told our class Mr. Lyons would be here tomorrow to speak to us about his youth center. Drake glanced at me sharply. I ducked my head to avoid his eyes.

I looked out the window of the classroom. Honestly, I'd love it if those youth centers to work out for me. I had tried before, but they want a record of who stays there for the state. They take down your birthday and everything. It would be too easy for David to access those records. A teenager with the same birthday, staying at a youth center would be a red ag for him. I'd had to ee the last and only town where I'd try to stay at one. That was actually how I'd ended up here in the rst place.

I was so amped up about Mr. Lyons coming tomorrow I stayed hidden in the school until everyone had left. I changed into my swimsuit and swam several laps before I calmed down. I swam a little longer, just because I loved it. Eventually, I got out.

Someone cleared their throat and said, "Well, you're not supposed to be in the pool at this hour. I'll forgive you if you join the team. You didn't come for tryouts, but you have stamina. Your times are fabulous." My heartbeat tripled. I turned around and came face to face with the physical education teacher, standing beside the principal.

I gulped, "Mr. Foster, I'm so sorry. I just enjoy swimming. I'm sorry, I'll just go." He put up his hands, "Wait! Emmaline, no one is upset. I was just teasing you. We really can't allow students to swim unattended; it's a legal issue. Why didn't you come out for the team? Your old coach sent me your name as someone who practiced with the team. I was hoping you'd come to the try outs we hosted for the Red Run students." I sighed, "I don't compete. I'd... I'd practice with you guys though."

Both men looked at each other. Mr. Foster told me, "You should compete. I timed you, and you're the best swimmer I've seen in a while. You could get a full ride scholarship to college if we got you in front of scouts." I could feel the blood draining from my face.

Mr. Foster sighed, "Alright, tell you what. You can practice with us when it works for your schedule like you did at your old school. Just consider competing. I would also like it if you came to the meets and cheer the team on." I agreed, "Yes, sir. When I'm not working, I'll be at the meets." Mr. Foster frowned, "Working? Where do you work?" I swallowed, "At Al's across the street." Both men nodded turning away from me.

I took off running to the locker room. I turned on the shower and sat underneath it. I berated myself, "What were you thinking Emmaline! You can't sneak around a werewolf run school! You know they have a great sense of hearing and smell. UGH!" I hit my hand on the shower stall door. I quickly got out and changed. I left and rode my bike for an hour before my shift in case anyone was following me.

Once I nished my shift, I quickly made my way to my tent. My heart was still racing. I sat by the pond and started to calm down. The water was always a calming force for me. I looked up at the sky and did what I always did when I felt lonely. I talked to the fairy princess, Haley Holloran. "Hello, Princess Haley. I don't know what's going on with me, but every time I hear the name Lucas Lyons I can barely contain myself. I've never even met him. That's going to change tomorrow though. He's speaking to my class, and I think I'm nervous to put a face with the name. Like always princess, I'm tempted to call upon your protection, just so I can actually see you in person. I'm not sure if the protection deal is a one and done thing though. Since I have people who want to kill me, I gure I'd better wait. I should wait to use my get out of jail free card if someone tries to kill me; not to satisfy my curiosity. I hope you've found your prince, that's all you were ever missing in my mom's stories. Goodnight, Princess."

I zipped up my tent and tried to get some sleep. I tossed and turned all night. After what felt like ve minutes of sleep, my alarm went off. I cursed myself for the millionth time this morning. I got up threw my uniform on. I grabbed my bike and headed to work. Al pulled me aside, "You're getting here earlier than you normally do. What's going on?" I smiled at him, "Don't worry it's nothing bad. I just moved closer to the school since I'm here for school now." Al knew I was emancipated. He sighed in relief, "Alright. As long as everything is ok." I nodded, "It's been really nice actually. I get more sleep." He walked away quietly.

The shift was dragging on. Al yelled from the back, "Hey Emmaline, take off earlier than normal, alright? We are really slow." I quickly agreed. I was excited that I could wash my hair this morning. I walked over to the school and ran into the girls locker room. I washed my hair and threw on my jeans and a green t-shirt. I looked in the mirror. The shirt was now form tting, as it was a few years old.

Chelsea, Sam, and Valerie came into the locker room as I was nished getting ready. Chelsea asked, "Showering after your shift at Al's?" I nodded. Sam squealed, "Great! Now we have enough time today for me to do your makeup." I told her, "I don't wear makeup." I couldn't afford to buy things like that. She nodded, "I know. I'll just do a natural look. I want to be a cosmetologist. Please, let me do this as practice." I sighed and sat on one of the benches in the locker room.

Sam clapped and came over. She pulled out her supplies. She didn't nish until the rst warning bell had sounded. We all ran out. As I ran in the opposite direction to them Chelsea yelled "You look great, Emmaline!" I passed a mirror and smiled. I called, "You did a great job, Sam. I love it!" Sam waved, "Anything for you! You introduced me to my man." I laughed. They would've found each other pretty quickly.

The other girls were lucky. Their rst class was really close to the locker room. I was a few doors down from my class when I saw a woman I'd seen at Al's a few times. She came out of the teachers' lounge, smiling when she saw me. She asked me, "You are Emmaline, right? I've been in Al's a few times early in the morning. I'm pretty sure I recognize you." I nodded, "I am Emmaline."

She handed me a cup of coffee. She told me, "I'm Ruth. This is for Mr. Lyons. I have to take a call, and he desperately needs a cup of coffee. Can you give it to him?" She smiled at me as I took it. I told her, "Of course, he's talking to my rst class today." The nal bell sounded. I sighed, "Gotta go." She smiled, "That you do, Emmaline. I'll be seeing you around." I frowned, wondering what she meant.

I shook my head and walked as quickly as I could without spilling Mr. Lyons coffee. I walked into the room and the smell of chocolate hit me. It was mouthwatering. I looked up into the most stunning blue eyes I'd ever seen. My heart hammered in my chest. I heard a voice whisper in my head, "Mine" I knew my eyes went wide. Who said that? I couldn't stop staring at him to look around and check. My brain was shouting at me to hand him his coffee and sit down, but I couldn't look away. I was positive this was Mr. Lyons. He was tall, just like I'd imagined he'd be. He was about six foot three with dark hair that framed his face in a crew cut. He was wearing a tied shirt. He should never wear anything else. His hard body was framed perfectly.

Oh god, what is wrong with me? I'm ogling this man as if he were a piece of meat. A ne piece of meat? He was standing somewhat at an angle, I gulped when I saw his ass. Seriously? Did God himself sculpt this man? I looked back up and saw his eyes on mine. I was shocked to see the lust in them. His eyes were going back and forth from blue to black. I knew that meant his wolf wanted to come out. SHOOT! Did I offend a freaking Alpha werewolf? Who may or may not be a literal god? When he growled, "MINE!" Everyone gasped. The man beside him said something I couldn't quite hear.

His words registered in my mind. My face turned beat red. I was going to die of mortication. Duh, you ****! You have his freaking coffee. My hand shook as I held it out to him. I stammered, "Umm! Mr. Lyons a woman in the hall gave me your coffee. Sorry I'm late." He took his coffee from me. His eyes never left mine. I forced myself to brake our staring contest and quickly went and took my seat.

Drake was staring at me with wide eyes. I sent him a questioning look. He quickly looked away. Weird. I took out my notebook. It was really quiet. I looked up to nd Mr. Lyons was still staring at me. I looked around. Mr. Blaze, the man beside Mr. Lyons, and the entire class was watching me. My face heated up. This might be how I die of embarrassment. Everyone noticed me checking him out.

Mr. Lyons cleared his throat, "As I was saying." Everyone looked away from me and back to him. I locked eyes with him again until I forced myself to look down at my notes. I mentally chastised myself, stop looking at him. I managed it a few times, but every time I looked up, he was looking at me. I felt like we were the only two in the classroom. His presence was comforting to me. I had this inclination to be around him all the time, which was ridiculous. What would he want with me? He was clearly an Alpha. He was also older than me. The age difference wasn't a big deal in the supernatural community. He needed his Luna though. The thought hurt my heart. When the bell rang, I glanced at the clock on the wall frowning. The hour had own by. I was really sad that my time with Mr. Lyons was already up. I put my things away before standing.

Mr. Lyons spoke, "Miss Richards, could you stay back a moment?" I nodded. I was more than happy to do so. I really wanted to do anything he asked, while simultaneously wanting to run from the room. It was an odd dichotomy of feelings. Everyone led out of the room whispering to each other. I frowned at the massive group of students huddled outside the door craning to get a look inside. Mr. Blaze shut the door when he left. Why did he leave? It was his classroom.

I couldn't even look away from Lucas when his friend introduced himself, "I'm Dylan Frost." After an awkward pause, I forced myself to look at him. I knew that last name. I asked, "Are you related to the Travis Frost that's in a few of my classes?" Dylan smiled, "I am. I'm his older brother. I'm the funny one. It's a pleasure to meet you." He put out his hand to shake mine. I reached to take it when Mr. Lyons growled. Dylan lowered his hand. He winked at me and rolled his eyes.

I turned back to Mr. Lyons, surprised. I'd never dropped my hand. Lucas shook it. I gasped as sparks erupted from where our hands were touching. I pulled my hand back slowly, staring at him in shock. What was that? His eyes widened.

I broke the silence, "I'm sorry you had to wait for your coffee this morning, Mr. Lyons. I didn't want to spill it." Lucas frowned, "What? Oh, I don't care about the coffee. Please, call me Lucas." A warning bell rang. I cringed, "Oh umm I should probably go to my next class." My heart hurt at the thought of leaving. I whispered, "It was nice to meet you, Lucas." He quickly waved his hand, "Mr. Blaze will write you a pass to your next class. I wanted to speak to you about my youth center." My heartbeat was getting out of control.

I asked, "Didn't you just spend the entire class doing that?" He frowned, "Yes, but your name has come to our attention. I wanted you to know if you need a place to stay, it's open to you." I couldn't stay there, but I also couldn't disappoint him. I also couldn't lie. As hard as I tried, I just couldn't.

So instead, I asked, "Do you have a pamphlet or something that I can read through?" He nodded and handed it to me,. Our skin touched again, I bit my lip to keep from gasping. I wanted to jump into his arms. I realized I was staring at him and snapped out of it. I grabbed the information he was holding out for me. I awkwardly said, "Umm... Thanks it was nice to meet you both."

I walked out of the classroom and took a deep breath. It felt like the rst full breath I had taken throughout the whole rst period. Mr. Blaze handed me my pass with a smile on his face. All the students in his second period were openly gaping at me. What was going on? Everyone was being weird. Including me.

I rushed to my next class. I handed the teacher my pass. She smiled at me knowingly. I frowned. When I turned around everyone was staring at me. I took my seat next to Drake. I whispered, "What the hell gives today? Do I have something on my face?" Drake snorted, "You do. Makeup." I frowned, "Everyone's staring at me because I let Sam put makeup on me? I thought it looked ok." He said, "No, that's not why they are staring. Of course, my girl did a good job. She's the best." I pushed, "Then why is everyone looking at me like I just stepped out of the circus?" He smiled, "You'll nd out."

I sighed and started taking notes. He clearly wasn't going to tell me. I was beginning to feel self-conscious. By the time lunch rolled around, I practically ran into the lunchroom looking for my friends. I spotted Sam in line for food. I jogged over to her,

I told her, "Everyone has been staring at me all day. I thought I looked good, but I'm getting a complex. Do you have something I can wipe this off with?" Sam laughed, "No one is staring because of your makeup. Everyone's talking about your run in with the Alp.. Mr. Lyons." My face turned red. I shrieked, "Run in? I gave him coffee! I stared at him way to long because a freaking god sculpted that man, but I gave him his darn coffee." Sam bit her lip then laughed, "Just come sit with us." I sighed, "No way! I feel like a sh in the bowl. I'll see you in biology." Before she could say anything else I was out of the cafeteria doors.

I went outside and sat in the shade under a tree where I could hear the bell for school. I wished there was a pond closer by. I leaned against the tree and closed my eyes. I had been there a few minutes when I smelled chocolate. A shadow cast over me, and I knew who it was without looking. I forced myself to look up and gulped. Lucas was standing right in front of me. His eyes were scanning me.

Eventually he asked, "Can I sit here?" I found my voice after several moments, "It's a free country and from what I hear you run this town. So, I couldn't stop you." Lucas smiled and sat down. He told me, "You of all people could stop me." I frowned asking, "What does that even mean?" He avoided the question, "So, how are you in senior classes when you are only sixteen years old?" I frowned and looked away. For some reason, it bothered me that he was bringing up my age. Supernatural's didn't really care about ages. So why was he asking? By pack standards, I'd be an adult because I would've shifted.

I looked into his eyes and told him, "I'm almost seventeen, and I've been on my own for a while now." He growled, "Why is that?" I looked away because when I was looking into his eyes, I was seconds away from spilling everything. I whispered, "It's just the way it had to be." He growled, "Why are you emancipated?" I turned to stare at him in shock.

I stammered, "How... how did you know that?" He smiled, "The woman you ran into with the coffee asked the secretary about this. She gave her your le, which I read. It's strange your emancipation record doesn't list your parents' names. I've never seen one without that information on it."

I cringed. That had been what the last youth center staff had commented on too. Lucas continued, "That makes it seem like you're running, Emmaline. Who are you running from? I'll protect you; I swear." I believed him, but I couldn't let him get hurt because of me. David would go after him if he knew it would upset me. I told Lucas, "I believe you, but I can't let you get caught up in my mess."

The warning bell rang. I jumped up. How did time pass so quickly around Lucas? I told him, "I've got to get to class." Lucas looked at the school with annoyance. I turned to go when he pulled me back for a hug. I melted against him. My entire body was tingling. To my utter shock, I felt myself getting wet.

He growled and pulled back. I looked up at him. I wanted him in a way I'd never wanted anyone. Lucas told me, "You need to stop looking at me that way if you want to get to the rest of your classes." My face turned red. Did he want me too? He smiled and kissed my cheek. He whispered through gritted teeth, "Go, before I lose all sense and do what I've wanted to since I rst saw you this morning."

I desperately wanted to know what he wanted to do. I needed to know more than my next breath, but I forced myself to turn away. I started to walking when I barely heard him say, "This is the beginning, Emmaline. I'll see you shortly." I shivered in anticipation, but a little bit of fear. I had this feeling that Lucas was going to nd out all my secrets. That didn't bode well for me, I'd be keeping them for four years. Which honestly was a miracle in and of itself.